

Northern Messenger

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MONTREAL, MARCH 19, 1909.

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

A Wrecked Life.

(The Rev. Canon Ellison, M.T., Chaplain to the late Queen Victoria, in the 'Temperance Tribune.')'

Some years ago the body of a young man about twenty-five years of age was found in the Mersey at Liverpool. He was well-dressed, evidently one of the well-to-do-classes. There was no clue to his identity, but in his pocket a paper was found with these words written on it:

'Let me rot! I have good friends, have had good friends, but am now a miserable sinner. Not a farthing. Everything has been done to make me a useful citizen of the world, but I have abused everybody's confidence. Let me perish! God be merciful unto me a sinner! Nothing will be found on me to show who I am, but I might have been in a very comfortable position all the days of my life, if it were not for drink. This accursed stuff has led me to commit suicide.'

The report of the inquest went the rounds of the press. In less than two months the coroner received more than two hundred applications from parents in different parts of the country asking for particulars, such as height, color of hair, etc.—200, that is, who had sons lost to them, and to whom the description in the papers might have applied.

The Moderate Drinker.

(L. D. Mason, M.D., Vice-President American Society for the Study of Alcohol and other Narcotics, in the 'National Advocate.')

The term moderate drinking cannot be used in a scientific or practical or safe sense. A prevalent and popular fallacy is that the moderate drinker may always remain as such, that moderate drinking is always under control, and the habit can be left off at any time and always kept within the limitations of safety and sobriety. 'This false doctrine has ruined more lives than any other argument brought forward to sustain the habitual and moderate use of alcoholic beverages.' The drink habit is accretive and progressive. Tolerance is easily established, and larger quantities are required to meet the daily growing demand. It is exceptional for the moderate drinker to remain as such. 'As a rule all immoderate, habitual drunkards were once moderate drinkers.' Exception to this does not prove the rule, and no amount of specious sophistry can alter the natural sequence in this particular. The accustomed dose under 'normal' conditions will not be sufficient under 'abnormal' conditions.

The term moderate or temperate use of alcoholic beverages is not definite. There is not any established or definitely ascertained quantity that we can use daily or habitually within the bounds of safety, and exclude any possibility of mental or moral or physical degeneration. This is especially true of the reformed man, or the man with hereditary tendencies, or diseases, or injuries affecting the cerebro-spinal axis, that is, the brain or spinal cord, or chronic painful conditions, in which the alcohol in some form is used for its anaesthetic or narcotic effect. The constant,



In addition, Prohibition would mean legitimate business would return \$400,000 to the farmer and wage earner that the saloon now keeps in its coffers because it makes the smallest returns for labor and raw material of all the great industries. Every vote for Prohibition would help to put your share of the money in your pocket.—'National Prohibition News.'

habitual use of alcoholic beverages even in so-called moderation is more dangerous than its occasional excessive use. Personally, moral considerations excepted, the occasional excessive drinker is safer physically than the every-day habitual moderate drinker, for the latter keeps his blood up to a certain percentage constantly alcoholized, while the former, at least during the interval between his debauches, has a chance of recovering a normal blood current.

Moderate drinkers are more liable to disease than total abstainers, and are regarded as an inferior risk by underwriters for insurance, and therefore not entitled to share the benefits of insurance in the same company with abstainers. There is a marked difference between the abstainer and the non-abstainer or moderate user of spirits or alcoholic beverages as to the death-rate and longevity. Official statistics prove this, and the total abstinence department of any insurance company will give the record.

In the great majority of cases of habitual drunkards the parents or grandparents used alcohol in moderation habitually or in excess. In a study of 600 cases that came under my supervision, in which I made a study of the

family history, none escaped the record of antecedent degeneracy from various forms of narcomania, nervous disease, consumption and other conditions of alcoholic degeneration, there being evidence enough to demonstrate the relative sequence between drinking parents and a drunken posterity. I believe that the starting point of the alcoholic degenerate can be traced not infrequently to the so-called moderate habitual use of alcohol in some form by a respectable, temperate, immediate progenitor who was never drunk, and who prided himself on his self-restraint, and yet this paragon of virtue and respectability was giving to the world, through his poisoned blood (although moderately alcoholized, it is true), a posterity of physical and mental weaklings, and ignorantly and unconsciously starting a race of neurotics, idiots and lunatics, and begetting a long line of alcoholic degenerates. And how many families in this land of ours are free from the alcoholic taint in the direct or collateral branches extending even to one generation back!

The question of communion wine comes in here, and the conditions present the strongest possible plea for the use of the unfermented juice of the grape in the sacrament of the

Lord's supper, so that no reformed man, or one with an hereditary tendency to alcoholic excess, may be excluded therefrom. The fact that the 'tendency to alcoholic excess' exists in a large majority of the human race should exclude the habitual moderate use of alcohol either as a beverage or medicinally. In the latter case there are as equally good if not more efficient remedies. Modern medical science is gradually eliminating alcohol from its list of remedies as a most 'unsafe' and 'dangerous' as well as 'useless' drug. The consensus of the highest medical opinion of today is this, 'There is no such thing as a healthy beverage containing alcohol.'

The family bottle or private emergency flask kept by the laity has been more productive of harm than good. The belief that the whiskey bottle is absolutely essential in every household as a medicinal necessity is very prevalent, whereas the best modern authorities maintain that this is an error, and that the best results can be obtained by safer and more efficient means.

The use of wine or brandy in flavoring is where the strictly temperate may overstep the line. Let us not tolerate a poison in our homes as a remedy, or in our kitchens for culinary purposes, or flavoring our food.

Cases of extraordinary longevity, in which alcohol has been used habitually, in reasonable or moderate quantities without seeming detriment to the user, as far as he himself is concerned, do not disprove its evil and degenerate effect on his immediate posterity, or his evil example on others. Besides, the exception does not prove the rule. There is a 'moral side' to this question. The greater the character, respectability and influence of the moderate drinker, the more 'powerful his example for evil,' for he is practically advancing and advocating the fallacious theory that the use of alcoholic beverages in moderation is safe, healthful, and respectable, and thus leading the young and inexperienced into fatal error. 'No one liveth to himself.' The conscientious, moderate drinker should be moved to this consideration, 'How many, by my silent example and influence, have become immoderate drinkers or drunkards?'

The drink habit may be 'innocently acquired' through the habit of using patent or proprietary medicines containing a greater or less percentage of alcohol, not to speak of other forms of narcotics. No one ought to use any of the so-called nervines or tonics with which the market is flooded, and their name is legion, without being aware, whether they contain alcohol or other deleterious drugs. Fortunately, the 'Pure Food Act,' under the successful management of Dr. Wiley, at the head of the Bureau at Washington, and the public exposure of many of these nostrums and frauds, as well as the more intelligent conception of this public evil, and the action of the United States Government compelling a 'proper labeling' of all such preparations, will do much to protect the public in this particular, but the best rule is not to take any so-called medicine without the advice of a physician or accurate knowledge as to whether the so-called remedy 'contains alcohol in any form,' and thus avoid the danger of innocently and 'unconsciously acquiring' the habitual use of alcohol in this manner.

From any side from which we may view this question, the only conclusion in the whole matter and the only absolutely safe rule is to practise Total Abstinence.

Seizing a Strange Opportunity.

The story is told of John Wesley that he was once stopped by a highwayman who demanded his money. After he had quietly submitted to the inevitable, and had given up all he had about him, and the robber had turned to go on his way, Wesley called to him, and when the man was again by his side he said kindly, 'A time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are engaged. Remember this, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."' He said no more, and they parted. Many years after, Mr. Wesley was leaving a church where he had been preaching, when a man accosted him at the door, asking him if he remembered having been waylaid at a certain time and place, to which Mr. Wesley replied that he recollected the circumstance. 'I was the man, sir,' said the stranger, 'and that single verse on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and habits. I have

long since been attending the house of God, and I hope I am a Christian.' What a beautiful reward of faithful constancy to one's mission!

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL ON PROSPECTS AND PLANS.

(Concluded.)

The reports from the Reindeer superintendent are most inspiring; our own herd of 250, landed in a weak and impoverished condition after a long sea voyage on the ice of the bay, just a year ago, is now 405 fine strong beasts, and there is little doubt they will be more than doubled in the first two years. The experiment is now proved to be a success—the deer propagate freely, prosper splendidly, and work valuably. The milk is rich, and the meat both fat and tender in the fall. An experiment was made last month by taking in a stag on a long shooting expedition as a pack animal. He had to be taken by schooner and return fifty miles. He stood the expedition famously and there can be no question that for packing in summer as well as hauling over the snows in winter, he is a very valuable beast. His light weight and his splay hoofs keep him up on quite a light snow crust, and now that he has been well fed, he has both strength and endurance. An odd experience at the end of the year was the unannounced arrival in the harbor of a schooner carrying 36 famished reindeer; they proved to be a section of the herd of 50, purchased by Lord Northcliffe, for his lumber camp work last winter. The heat of summer, the flat marshes, and the inveterate flies, had told badly on the herd, and they had lost quite a number. We have arranged to herd these for them and supply from them such stags as they may need for service each winter. The large corral, made this summer to enclose the herd while milking was in progress, is to be used next summer, so we hope, for confining fawns captured from the herds of wild caribou that are quite numerous in the northern section of Newfoundland. This caribou is of the Woodland variety. But we are hoping it may prove possible to interbreed these with our reindeer—or at least to so tame them by association with ours that we shall be able to count on their contingent not leaping the herd. Two wild caribou of their own will joined the Harmsworth herd in the south this year, but after remaining a few days with them went on their way again. Whereas two of the reindeer that wandered away presumably with their wild brethren returned again after an absence of no less than three weeks—I presume they discovered the company of their wild cousins too strenuous.

With regard to the hospital work, the unexpected has, as usual, happened, and successive mail boats have brought so many patients that their proper accommodation in the old buildings have become impossible. The St. Anthony Clinic under the care of Dr. Mason Little, of Boston and Harvard University, attract patients regularly from as far as even the chief town, St. John's, where exists the only other hospital on the Island. The result has been that this hospital needs immediate enlargement, as was the case at Battle Hospital last year, where Dr. Grieve, of Edinburgh, presides. It has been shown also that our steady cold and bright sunshine redoubled by reflection from a universal snow surface enables us in winter to deal very effectively with our tuberculosis troubles, and this has created a demand even through our long winters for more accommodation, than at present we are able to give. The installation of electricity by a volunteer from the famous Pratt Institute, of New York, has also enabled the hospital to do more accurate and effective work, with the inevitable result of more calls made upon it.

Personally, Mr. Editor, I shall warmly welcome a tariff revision that will open American markets to our fish. There are millions of people who would benefit by having access to a good supply of fresh fish of so acknowledged a nutritive value as cod and halibut, and at so cheap a price as it can be obtained at. One would suppose that the arrival of regular large quantities of so desirable a foodstuff would lead to transit development that would not keep fish at its present price, but by expanding the demand give a surer and more even return to the catcher. The entire barring out of a valuable cheap food

by tariff arrangements seems on the face of it to be not conformable with the modern spirit—if hides and steel need protection no longer, surely the same may be said for codfish—for this is, or should be, a life necessity of the poor.

Lastly, Mr. Editor, it may be as well to answer here a question asked awhile ago to your columns: Why do we not endeavor to transport the people to the middle latitudes. The reason is we do not think that a desirable policy—and this is our opinion after many years work on the coast. Exactly why we have come to that conclusion is best appreciated by those who come down to visit us. We believe that the country is capable of great development. Capable of maintaining under proper conditions a very desirable population—capable of contributing regularly to the human race a factor that we, with the Viking strain in our blood can, better than most men, appreciate. The life develops hardness, resourcefulness, simplicity of life. There is no overcrowding in sweating shops, no monotony of factory existence, no nervous bankruptcy from the over complexity of other conditions. If stress were laid on the numbers of charities needed in all our centres of civilization, and on the lives of the countless numbers submerged by the temptations to the weak, and by competition with the more clever, some at least of the reasons for our optimistic views regarding the possibilities and desirabilities of our northern life would be immediately apparent. There is some compensatory provision in every case, and Labrador is a better country than many now endeavoring to share the carrying of the human race.

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mrs. C. W. Shoup, Walsingham Centre, Ont., \$1.00; A Friend, 50cts; E. Ritson, Oshawa, Ont., \$1.00; 'In memory of a little baby, Theoda Rush W—, who died some years ago, \$5.00; A Friend, Penticton, B.C., \$2.00; Helen and M. W. Dods, Bristol, Que., \$2.00; Peter Road Pres. Sunday School, per John Johnston, \$4.00; A Friend, Lachine, \$25.00; A Friend, \$1.00; A Friend to the cause, Fingal, Ont., \$5.00; Total \$ 46.50

Received for the cots:—Lower Queensbury Mission Band, per A. M. Ferguson, \$4.00; W. L. I. S. Durham, Que., \$2.00; Mrs. T. P. Eckardt, Unionville, Ont., \$1.00; Total \$ 7.00

Previously acknowledged for all other purposes... \$ 1,804.67

Total on hand March 2... \$ 1,858.17

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

GOOD TRAINING FOR YOUR BOY.

Parents who are alive to the early business training of their sons will be interested in the following frank letter from one of our 'Pictorial' boys, and will 'see the point' and give their boys a similar chance. Whether your boy be seven or seventeen, he can depend on fair, generous treatment.

Here is the letter:—

A., Ont., Feb. 22, 1909.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—I remit herewith for the February 'Pictorials' which I have sold. I am very sorry but I will have to stop selling the 'Pictorials,' as I have on-coming work which prevents me, but my brother John, 10 years old, is going to continue the work, as he wants to sell the 'Pictorials' and earn a few premiums. Please send me my watch, as I think, if I have figured up right, I have it now. These February numbers sold at first sight, they were very attractive.

I must say at this point that I have got a pretty good business head since I started selling the 'Pictorials' about a year ago, and as I must close now, I wish every good success to the other 'Pictorial' boys. Yours truly, Lancelot B. Morrison.

P.S.—I may in the future start selling the 'Pictorials' again, for it is splendid work.—L. B. M.



LESSON,—MARCH 28, 1909.

Temperance Lesson.

Prov. xxiii., 29-35. Memory verses 29, 30.

Golden Text.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Prov. xxiii., 32.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 22.—Prov. xxiii., 29-35.
Tuesday, March 23.—Prov. xxiii., 15-25.
Wednesday, March 24.—Isa. v., 11-24.
Thursday, March 25.—I. Kings xx., 13-21.
Friday, March 26.—Matt. xxiv., 42-51.
Saturday, March 27.—Gal. v., 13-23.
Sunday, March 28.—Eph. v., 6-20.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

If there is an end to anything, Willie, do you think it is likely to have a beginning? Does everything that has an end have a beginning, too? Suppose you were to travel along the longest road you know of, would you ever come to the end? Yes, because everything that has a beginning has an end, too. It is the end of something that our golden text speaks about to-day. Who can say the golden text? 'At the last' it says; that means 'when you come to the end.' What about the end that this verse speaks of? It isn't pleasant, but very much the reverse. Every one of you has been stung at some time, haven't you, either by a mosquito, a bee, or a wasp, or something like that, and the sting was very disagreeable. That was because of the poison that the little insect put into your body. It irritated and hurt you because the body doesn't like poison, and tried to get rid of it. A snake's bite is something like that only very much worse. Do you know that the snakes in India kill thousands of people and animals every year? An adder's bite is very poisonous. But what our verse speaks about isn't really a serpent or an adder, but something that is 'like' them. What do you think it is? It is the drinking of strong drink that is meant. We have often spoken about the harm that is done in the world by this great evil, but so long as it keeps on fighting us we have to keep on fighting it and training up more soldiers to fight it all the time. You know a soldier has to keep on drilling and doing the same things over and over again so as to be quite ready at any time when he may be called upon to fight, and we are temperance soldiers drilling so as to be always ready to fight for God against His great enemy, strong drink. We said at the beginning of our lesson that everything which had an end had a beginning, too. Now if the end that a drinker of strong drink comes to, is so disagreeable that it is like a serpent's bite, what is the beginning like? Does our lesson say anything at all about the beginning? (verse 31).

FOR THE SENIORS.

The temperance question is more than ever a live question in the world to-day. Not that in all the history of the world true wisdom has been anything but a declared enemy of fermented liquor as a beverage. The cry of the wise man against it in to-day's lesson is by no means the only warning from the long dead past that time has preserved for us. Among the Egyptian papyri there is one as old as 3,600 B.C., on which we find among the moral aphorisms a warning against wine-shops. "My son," it says, "do not linger in the wineshop; thou fallest on the ground, thy limbs become weak as those of a child." Homer, the great Greek poet of antiquity, makes his hero Hector say:

Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind.

It is by no means a new warfare that we are waging to-day, but the length and bitter-

ness of the struggle is no reason to the brave heart for giving up and playing the coward. No matter how small we may think our influence is let us at least cast its weight on the right side. We can at least sign the pledge and keep it. In the early days of Israel Moses laid upon every man who built a house (with the flat-roofs that were used in the East) the necessity of building a battlement about the roof (Deut. xxii., 8). No one might plead the excuse that the house was built for himself and that he was quite able to keep himself from falling over the edge. The fact remained that another not so confident might venture upon the roof where his friend walked with such pleasure and comfort, and the builder of the house must guard against the possibility of the fall of such an one as well as any mischance or false step of his own. Our liberty on a question which we say concerns ourselves alone may well be the warrant for another not so seemingly strong to copy our walk, and who shall then say that God does not regard us as bearing that man's 'blood on our soul'? We cannot escape the fact that, whether we like it or not, we are our brother's keeper. Even human law will bear that out: should you know that one man was lying in wait to murder another and do nothing about it, would your plea be admitted that 'it was none of my business'? Some one has wisely said that, if it is a small sacrifice to give up wine, one should do it for the sake of others, but if it is a great sacrifice, that alone should be a wise man's warning, and one should do it for one's own sake.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE'.)

Verse 31. 'Two Boundary Lines.' Between the State of Ohio and the State of Kentucky the boundary is established and defined. Any one crossing from one state into the other would know it, if not otherwise, by the state of his wet feet. But between the State of Ohio and the State of Indiana, while the boundary is equally well established, it is not defined at all to the traveller. Any man might easily pass from one state into the other without knowing that he had crossed the line, and without intending to do so at all.

And so likewise in the moral life. Between abstinence and temperance, not only in the matter of drink, but in all questions, there is a boundary line both established and defined. No one will ever have any difficulty in perceiving this line. A blind man can locate it. But between temperance and excess there is no such line at all, and a man may pass from the country of temperance into the country of excess without any intention of doing so, with indeed the firmest purpose to do nothing of the kind. It is the invisibility of its boundaries that makes the moral danger of residence in the land of temperance indulgence so much greater than the Spartan citizenship of total abstinence. Men do not mean to go over from temperance to excess. As a matter of fact, I suppose that almost no one ever deliberately goes over the boundary into excess, meaning to do so. He only gets over because the boundary line which he has crossed was unmarked and undetectable.—Robert E. Speer, in 'The Marks of a Man.'

It takes two centuries to transform the savage into a citizen; let the saloon do its work, and it takes but a single hour to transform the citizen into the savage.—Luther B. Wilson.

Beware of corkscrews; corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets ever saved.—Sir Thomas Lipton.

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it.—Penn.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 28.—Topic—Mohammed's followers in Persia and Turkey. Acts iii., 25, 26. (Missionary meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 22.—The book of Jonah. Jonah iv.

Tuesday, March 23.—The book of Daniel. Dan. ii., 28-45.

Wednesday, March 24.—Ruth, the immigrant. Ruth i., 15-22.

Thursday, March 25.—The book of John. John iii., 16; xx., 30, 31.

Friday, March 26.—The book of Acts. Acts i., 6-12.

Saturday, March 27.—The book of Revelation. Rev. xi., 15; xxii., 1-5.

Sunday, March 28.—Topic—Great missionary books, home and foreign. Isa. lxii., 6-12.

Religious News.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer has recently returned from South Africa, where he made some interesting discoveries. He spent one evening at the house of a great-granddaughter of William Carey, and saw in her possession the Bible used by Carey in translating the Scriptures into Hindu. The book contains Carey's own signature, and is dated May 9, 1845. Another discovery was a letter written by Dr. Livingstone to Dr. Murray, now in the care of his daughter, Miss Murray, the head of the Girls' Seminary at Graaf Reinet. This letter, written in 1843, contains an appreciation of the hospitality Dr. Livingstone received during a stay at Dr. Murray's mission.

As if by enchantment, the old order has changed, and the capital of China no longer typifies the moldering traditions of the Manchu hierarchy, but rather the new national instincts and aspirations of the Chinese people. On the immediate causes of the transformation we need not dwell, for they are known to the world—the aftermath of the Boxer madness, which brought the railway and the outer world to the very gates of the Palace; the continued occupation of the city, and its road to the sea, by the military forces of the allied Powers; then, five years later, the amazed awakening of all Asia to the earth-shaking fact that Oriental armies had successfully challenged the boasted supremacy of the white races; last, and most vital, the creation and pressure of Chinese public opinion, articulate through the new press.

As a secular journalist, F. A. McKenzie, the well-known foreign correspondent of the 'London Mail,' says in the London 'Christian World': 'The greatest civilizing force in China during the last half-century, and especially during the last fifteen or twenty years, has been Christianity. It has broken down the barriers and has transformed the attitude of the people.'

And again: 'A stranger stopped me. "I can not understand," he said, "why you, a newspaper man, should advocate missionary work. It is not your business. Why do you meddle with it?" "I do it because I am a Christian Imperialist," I replied. The man still looked puzzled, so I went on: "I believe that England stands for good homes, for kindness to children, for a high standard of womanhood and for peace. The white man's civilization is the best the world has seen, and the white man's civilization is based on Christianity. The more British influence spreads the more our ideals prevail. I know that every missionary is an active campaigner, not merely for a new theology, but also for a new life, a life based on the foundation of our civilization—the cross. I want the white man's ideals to triumph not for the glory of the whites, but for the betterment of woman life and child life throughout the world."

Canadian Pictorial

[For use of our readers who get the 'Messenger' through a club or Sunday School and who wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone.]

COUPON.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents (.75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, \$1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

Name.....

P. O.

Date..... Prov.....

This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also districts mentioned in list on page 15.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Daisy.' Anna Maynard (aged 11), U. S., N.S.
2. 'Flag.' May I. Woodworth, B., N.S.
3. 'A Gate.' Lina Carson (aged 9), S. D., Que.
4. 'A Lady's Head.' Gladys Davis, B., N.B.
5. 'A Fan.' Jean Burrows (aged 9), L., Sask.
6. 'Willow Leaf.' Agnes Burrows, L., Sask.
7. 'A Flag.' Margaret Cowan (aged 8), C. E., Ont.
8. 'My Friend.' Willard Dunning (aged 11), C., Ont.
9. 'A Small Man.' James St. Dennis (aged 13), Ottawa.
10. 'A Plant.' Muriel L. Blois, M. U., Ont.
11. 'A Flag.' Reid McMillan (aged 7), U., N.B.
12. 'A House.' Stewart Hanna, P., Ont.
13. 'Fish.' Sandy Craig (aged 10), M., Ont.

14. 'Apple.' Clifford J. Bradley, L., Ont.
15. 'Flag.' Gerald Large (aged 5), E., Ont.
16. 'Flag.' Gertie Widbur (aged 6), E., Maine.
17. 'A Clock.' Francis A. Rogers, A., P.E.I.
18. 'A Girl.' Alice M. Elliot, Y., Que.
19. 'A Sailor Boy.' Myra Gridley (aged 10), Y., N.S.
20. 'Box.' Winnifred Mallagh (aged 6), L., Ont.
21. 'Umbrella.' Nellie Messer, C., N.B.
22. 'Geronimo.' Bert Craig (aged 14), M., Ont.
23. 'Pail.' A. G. McDougall (aged 9), H., Ont.
24. 'A Ride.' Alexander S. Murray (aged 13), E., N.S.
25. 'A Flower.' Lyla McD., S. C., Ont.
26. 'A Saddle Horse.' James P. Suplin (aged 10), N. A., P.E.I.
27. 'A Flower.' Ethel Morrison, H. H., Ont.

card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

The new members for this week show Ontario still in the lead, and really there are now so many members of the league in that province that it ought to be a very nice place to live in. Some of the leaguers ought to be ready now to tell us something about some of the kind things they have been trying to do. Of course we wouldn't want to publish names, but it would help the others if you would just say how the pledge has helped you. Why, the editor has stopped time and again from saying some little sharp word, just because the pledge has flashed itself to mind. What do you think about it? This week there are added to the list of members: Rennie Dawson, D. S., N.B.; Mary E. Clark, O., Sask.; Leslie J. Harkness, B., Ont.; Hugh Kerr, D., Ont., and Edna Brown, J., Ont.

A., Sask.
Dear Editor,—I am signing the R. L. of K. pledge and hope I can follow it. I think it is very nice. We are having fine weather here, but we are never too proud, for it is just ready for the words 'Oh, its fine weather! It will not storm for a week,' then it will come. I have a brother single and a sister married, and am proud to say—are any of the other members uncles? for I am. I have no grandparents now, but just three years ago when I went to school I had the whole four. I have some chums at school, but there are none that I like much more than others.
W. J. G. MATHEWSON.

E., Scotland.
Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 11 years old. I have seen so many letters in your paper from little girls, I thought you would not mind having one from me. On the 17th October, 1906, we had a great day here. Our King was a guest of Lord Colebrookes, and on that day he was shooting grouse on the moors very close to the house where I live, here in Scotland. Every one turned out to give him a hearty welcome to our heather

U. H., N.B.
Dear Editor,—I will be thirteen years old in March. I am a cripple. I have two pets named Spot and Trixie. I have not walked for over three years. I have a stepmother and she is very kind to me. I am a Christian. I was baptized last spring. I have not gone to school and I cannot print very well, but I can read. I learned to read at home. I am going to join the R. L. of K.

MILES K. KNOX.

[You print very well, Miles. Your letter looked very neat. Ed.]

OTHER LETTERS.

Edith Moody, R., Man., sends a story which we shall be pleased to use later.

Elma Fraser and Jennie Grant, two other little authors, have something to learn about plot. Something should really 'happen' when you prepare people for it.

R. Stinchcombe, M., Ont., says 'I received the badge and pledge card all right, and I think them very nice.'

Bryce and Sadie Rupert, N. L., Ont., write little letters. Bryce had his collar bone broken, but it is getting better now.

Rennie Dawson, D. S., N.B., says 'My father keeps a store, but I am not clerking yet.'

Ada W. Brown, V., Ont., asks 'What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a water fountain?' Ada writes 'My sister and I are twins. She has dark hair and dark eyes, and I have light hair and blue eyes.'

Lorne Irwin sends these two riddles:—1. Why is a lovely lady like a hinge? 2. What bird can lift the heaviest weight?

Isabel E. J. Sutherland, P., N.S., reports 'a very mild winter with very little snow' around her home. 'One of my schoolmates had a birthday party and we had a fine time.'

Frieda Schwahn, Vancouver, says 'I have nice pets at home. We have chickens also.' Ruth Ramage, Frieda's great friend, also sends a letter. The two riddles sent in have been asked before.

Linden A. Fusee, M. S., Ont., has a good cow-dog, Shep, and a little sister two years old. 'She is a dear little pet, at least I think so.'

Elsie Talbot, P., N.S., has a pet bunny. 'I saw a letter from my cousin Goldie.'

Agnes Cross, G., Ont., says 'I read so much I do not seem to have time left to write letters.' We are glad you managed this one, anyhow, Agnes. Your choice of books seems very good.

Elsie and Ethel Morrison, H. H., Ont., both write. Ethel says 'We have little pigs and little calves.'

Eva E. Spinney, W., N.S., asks 'When has a man four hands?'

Flossie W. Elliott, N. S., Alta., gets mamma to read the 'Messenger' to her. 'I have not been to school yet, but I have lessons at home.'

Thomas Gale, C. D., Que., lives on a farm, 'and I spend a lot of my time in sport, and am having a good time.'

Lindsey Atkinson, U., Que., did go to school last summer, 'but there is not any in the winter. We have a sled and we slide when we can.'

Eleanor Stark, N., Ont., has 'two cats, Tom and Jip. Tom will roll over for meat.'

Marjorie MacRae, B. R. B., N.B., says 'I'm glad when Longboat wins, for he is a Canadian.'

Margaret Wiggins, K., Ont., is on a visit. 'I am away at my grandma's and auntie's.'

Beatrice M. Boyer, A., B.C., tells about lots of fun coasting down the mountains. 'I like to watch the C. P. R. boats come up the lake in the evening with the searchlights on.'

Susie May Robertson, R. P., P.E.I., lives with an aunt and uncle, 'ever since I was about one year old. I have five dolls.'

We also received short letters from May Wylie, A., Que.; Elsie J. Glenn, P. A., Sask.; Mildred McMonies, W., Ont.; Janet L. Reid, L., Que.; Constance Webb, W. M., Man.; Elden Bell, Toronto, and Willard Dunning, C., Ont.

All riddles which have been sent in the above letters, but are not published, have been asked before. One of our little correspondents copies out a story and a selection from Shakespeare, and signs both with her own name. That, you know, should never be done. It is a very serious offence against honesty.

hills, and was pleased that he got a good bag from them when the party left. The boys all tried to get an empty cartridge case that the King had shot. I had a holiday from school that day, and father and I cycled to Abington to see the fine decorations that had been put up for his visit. They all looked very well.

OHRISIE MOFFAT.

J., Que.
Dear Editor,—I live at R., Lac St. John, and my father is a Doctor, and he send me at J. school. I have a sister, she has two years. I like very much the 'Northern Messenger' and all its nice history and picture. I stay at J. with mon uncle and my aunt, all with my two cousins. Eugene had 10½ years and Raymond 6 years.

FREDERIC FLUHMANN.

[This is from one of our readers who knows two languages. How many of our English readers, we wonder, could write as well in French as Frédéric does in English? The letter is well written, too, clear and neat. Ed.]

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Other Girl.

(Mary E. L. Brush, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Soft, white and fluffy, it lay across the shining rail of the little brass bedstead—a dainty, lace-trimmed party dress fine enough to delight any little girl's heart; nevertheless Mollie Lester's face wore a frown as she looked at it.

'To think that stupid Miss Spooler didn't put on the nice, Frenchy rosettes I ordered, but made those prim, little ribbon bows instead!' she grumbled to herself, adding with increased sullenness in her tone, 'Although I don't suppose it matters much, now that Caroline Lane had to come down with the measles the very day before her party! Spoils everything! Then, too, papa had to be called away to a convention of scientific men or something, and so had to leave me just when I needed him the most because of my disappointment—Oh, dear me!' Here Mollie rocked vigorously back and forth in her pretty willow chair, and presently the scowl lost itself in the sober, thoughtful expression that crept into her face.

'I wonder what papa meant when he kissed me good-bye; he looked at me so tenderly and yet sort of quizzically as he said, "If my little daughter, whose life is filled with so many good things, could only know "the other girl."'

'Then he had to hurry away, for the boat was whistling for the dock.

"The other girl"—did he mean Caroline Lane? Don't hardly seem's if he did!'

Just how it happened Mollie could never tell! She had taken the skiff and rowed over to the Inlet to gather water-lilies. Papa had taught her how to manage a boat, to swim, too, so she was fearless upon the water and often went out alone when the weather was fine. And it certainly was this afternoon; the sky was a deep blue with here and there a tiny, white cloud like a bit of thistledown; the sunshine lay warm on rugged rock and wooded shore, awoke sparkling reflections on the broad bosom of the stream and turned far-distant sails to a gleaming whiteness.

But the calm beauty of the scene failed to quiet the discontent of Mollie's foolish little heart; even when she reached the object of her quest, and, plunging her rosy arms into the water, gathered lily after lily, every one a marvel of loveliness, her face still wore its petulant expression.

'Such a poky, stupid day!' she murmured as she piled up bow and stem with the fragrant buds and blossoms. 'Such a stupid day—seems as though it would never come to an end!'

Ah, that day came near having an end for Mollie herself!

Busy gathering the lilies and pondering over her own imaginary trials, she failed to notice that, lying low along the green crest of Murray Island there was a gray line of clouds slowly rising and widening, and that far away, on the horizon's silvery rim, the wind was ruffling up the waters. Meanwhile her little boat was drifting 'n among the lily-pads and Mollie herself nestled down in it, her head resting on the cushioned seat, as she said dreamily:

'It's warm rowing. I'll just float along for a while. I think I must look real sweet lying here among the flowers like that lady Mr. Tennyson wrote about—what was her name?—Oh, the Lady of Shalott.'

Mollie, you see, was somewhat vain. Most selfish persons are, as you have doubtless observed.

By and by her half-closed lids fell lower and lower, and the bow of her skiff, shifted by changing wind and stronger current, turned away from the safe-sheltered inlet out into the broad waters already troubled by the coming storm.

For the gray clouds were more than a line now; they had become a broad band covering nearly half the sky. The river took on their sullen, leaden hue. Now and then a wave came leaping by, wearing a white cap, but the sound of its lapping against the boat and the rocking of the little craft itself only served to lull Mollie into a deeper slumber. It was not until a touch of cold spray dashed against her face that the little girl awoke to

find herself alone on the angry river, with the gloom of the storm hovering over her. Then, in sudden fear, she lifted her voice in a shrill, piteous cry; but even if the noise of wind and water had not drowned her call there was no one in sight to hear her; excursion steamboat, pleasure yacht, fisherman's skiff—a brief half hour ago the river had been alive with them—but now, not one was to be seen; the approaching storm had sent everything scudding into safe harborage.

Only Mollie's boat lay like a little leaf on the bosom of the water. Fortunately it was a staunch little craft, so it rode the waves well and, though now and then the white spray dashed over its sides, it was never submerged.

Thus it drifted on past island after island, all looking to Mollie's dizzy gaze like shadows moving in the gloom. Now and then the gray curtain of the sky was pierced by the swift thrust of the lightning; sullen thunder-peals echoed from rocky shore to rocky shore; presently the rain began to fall heavily, pelting down the waves somewhat.

Mollie's garments were soon drenched; she shivered with cold and grew weary from the exertion of plying the oars. At last with a little sob she sank down in the bottom of the boat and all her discomfort was lost in unconsciousness.

When she came to herself again, a rough, bearded, but not unfriendly face was bending over her, and she heard a girl's voice say excitedly:

'O, goody! She ain't dead after all, is she, pa! The poor dear! Let us hurry and get her up to the house! You carry her, pa, an' I'll run on ahead and get the fire started up an' some of my clothes warmin'; here are sop-pin' wet!'

Then Mollie felt herself lifted from the boat and carried, a dripping bundle, along the sandy shore and up a rock path to where a wee, weather-beaten house was perched like a brown bird's nest up on the wooded crest of the rocks; its door was wide open and within a cheering vision of the dancing, red flames of a crackling wood fire.

A half hour later, Mollie, dressed in Polly Naugle's faded but clean gingham dress and Polly Naugle's patched shoes, was sitting at a little round table covered by a red table cloth, eating fried perch, baked potatoes and a saucetful of fresh blueberries, while Polly herself, rosy and bright-eyed, was bustling about waiting on her unexpected but evidently very welcome guest.

'How queer and nice and funny it all seems,' Mollie thought. 'I never ate in a kitchen before, nor at a table with a red cloth and such thick dishes, and with the stove so near the table that you can reach out and help yourself from the frying-pan! And I think Polly is the nicest girl I ever met, even though her nose is so freckled and she wears such old-fashioned clothes. But she is like me in one thing, for her mother is dead'—(Mollie and Polly had been having an interchange of biographies during the drying and dressing process)—'and she's just my age, too. Yet in lots of other things we're different. To think that she does every bit of the house-work. Of course the house is very small, but there are breakfasts, suppers and dinners to get every day, and Tommy and Rosie and the twins to care for. She even washes and irons, bakes and mends! I wonder how she does it all!'

Here Mollie's thoughts found a voice, and between mouthfuls of fried fish and baked potatoes she asked a little shyly:

'Don't you ever have any time to play, Polly?'

'Oh, I go berrying sometimes, and last summer I went to a picnic down at the Bay,' was Polly's cheery reply as she refilled the tea kettle and tucked another stick of wood into the stove. 'You see,' she added with a merry laugh 'I can't spend much time thinking what I'd "like" to do, 'cause there are so many things I've "got" to do! Sometimes when I see the summer boarders along the river I get to wondering just how it'd be to have nothing to do but pleasure-seeking and dressing up stylish.'

'But don't you ever get lonesome, or nervous, or low-spirited?' Mollie inquired earnestly.

'Never!' and the dimples played hide and seek in Polly's round, red cheeks; then

a thoughtful look came into her clear, gray eyes as she said:

'I guess, as pa says, there are two kinds of poor folks in this world. The folks who haven't much money and have to work hard for a living, and the folks who have so much money that they don't know what to do with it—nor what to do with themselves!'

Mollie looked at her curiously.

'Polly,' she said impressively, 'I guess I know what my father meant this morning. You are "the other girl!"'

Polly Naugle's face wore a mystified expression, then her merry laugh rang out again.

'I'm sure I don't know just what you mean. You're one kind of a girl, I s'pose, and I'm another, and—and I'm real glad we've met!'

'So'm I!' was Mollie's hearty rejoinder.

What Rally Day Brought About.

(Alice May Douglas, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate'.)

'I'll be glad when Sunday School opens,' shouted Francis Niles, after the last load of hay had been safely stored on the mow.

'Will you, Francis?' asked his cousin Lem, who had been helping on the farm that summer.

'Yes, I will. I like Sunday school, but you see we don't have any through the busy season. I suppose folks are too tired.'

'Do you have Rally Day in the fall?' asked Lem.

'Rally Day!' exclaimed Francis, as he gave Brinky, the horse, another mouthful of sweet hay, 'what's that?'

Lem laughed. 'I mean when you "rally" in the Sunday school scholars, who are just home from their summer vacation,' he said.

'That's it,' returned the boy. 'Wonder if we couldn't have one up here in the country.'

'Nothing to hinder, as I see,' said Lem.

'What do you do on Rally Day?' asked Francis, earnestly.

'In the first place,' explained his cousin, 'the church or vestry is trimmed all pretty with decorations, such as— O, I guess I don't know what the flowers are—and evergreens, and pumpkins. O, no, that's Harvest Sunday. Anyhow, the church has "something" in it. Then the children speak pieces and sing and the older ones make speeches, and tell us fellows how they never had such privileges when they were youngsters. We have a jolly time, anyhow. You'd like it.'

'I know I should,' replied Francis, placing his cap more firmly on his head, for the breeze blowing through the barn doors at either end was determined to dislodge that cap if it possibly could.

'But why don't you start up your school, and have the first session for your Rally Day?'

'Well, that would be a capital idea, wouldn't it? But if I get the others to help this thing along, I shall have to know something about it myself.'

So his cousin gave him a brief recital of the doings of the last Rally Day in his home church, assuring him that similar results could be obtained in his own community. But one great difficulty about having a new Sunday school was that the old superintendent had moved away, and Lem wondered who could take his place.

'Why don't you get your father to be the superintendent?' suggested the cousin.

'My father!' exclaimed the boy in surprise. 'Why, he never went to Sunday school in his life. He wouldn't know what to do.'

'Then he's just the one you want to get into the school. That's what Rally Day is for, to get new scholars as well as to rally in the old ones.'

'I see,' observed Francis. 'Well, there's father now, coming up the road.'

'Let's talk with him about it,' proposed Lem.

'May be he's tired and we'd better wait till morning till we speak to him about this,' suggested Francis.

So the boys waited till the night's repose had given the haymaker a good rest, and before the sun was very high in the sky, they

had invited father and uncle to become superintendent of Maplewood Sunday school.

'Have me for superintendent!' exclaimed the man in surprise. 'Why, in the first place, I don't know how to be one, and in the second place, I have so many chores to do in the morning I couldn't get ready in time.'

Frances urged his father awhile, and promised to do all the chores every Sunday morning if he would assist in re-opening the Sunday school and become its superintendent. Then after the father had promised to try, Lem told him about Rally Day, and everything was assured for the eventful day.

The day set apart for the opening session of the school and for Rally Day was all that heart could wish. There was not a cloud to be seen in the sky and the foliage was at its brightest, because of the shower of the previous week.

It had been noised abroad that Mr. Niles was to serve as superintendent of the school, and as he was very popular with all of his town's people, especially with the children, the attendance was much larger than had been expected.

The usual Rally Day exercises, consisting of songs and recitations, were carried out, after which the school was divided into classes, and a few moments given to the study of the lesson. Of course Lem could not be present, as he had returned to his home in the city, but Francis wrote him all about it, and said that everything passed off much better than he had expected.

The Church Piano.

'I'll never play that old piano again!' declared Gladys Marshall. 'It's just a disgrace for our church to have an old out-of-date instrument like that and expect good music. And as for inviting musicians from outside to come and use that old rattletrap, or to play to its accompaniment, it's nothing but an insult!'

Her complaint was not wholly without reason. She had invited Miss Schlegel over from Randolph to play at the district convention of the King's Daughters, and Miss Schlegel, as every one knew, was just back from the conservatory, and had something more than a local reputation as a violinist of promise. Gladys had played her accompaniment, and the piano, which had long been the subject of complaint, was more out of tune than usual, and Gladys was humiliated.

'I'm going straight to Mr. Benson, and hand in my resignation as Sunday-school pianist,' said Gladys; and she went.

The minister listened to the outburst, and said:

'I don't doubt, Gladys, that the piano is everything you say. And I am sorry that the trustees do not see their way to the immediate purchase of a better one. And it may be that your indignation is needed to hasten the coming of a new instrument. I will see what I can do to help in the matter.'

'Meantime shall we have no music? Suppose that still for a year and a day we must have the old instrument, tuned and patched a little, but still unsatisfactory? We must have music—yes, and we must have you; and what's more, you must have the work! For you need to be doing something for others. You have done it all your life, and to drop out now—we simply can't let you.'

'Does it ever occur to you that the Lord does a good deal of playing on imperfect instruments, such as you and me? And I don't doubt He often wishes we produced better music than we do. But, Gladys, hard as it is to keep us anywhere nearly at concert pitch, He is patient. So the anthem of the ages swells in spite of the fact that some of us are badly out of tune!'

'And do you know that noble poem, "Op-

Wire Fencing.

Owing to the rapid increase in the export business of The Page Wire Fence Company, of Walkerville, Ontario, since the introduction of its 'Empire' white fencing for railway, farm and ranch use, it has been thought best to have the foreign business handled by a company of a name similar to that of the fencing, and to this end The Empire Fence Export Company, Limited, has been formed. It is owned and controlled by the same people as the old company. The head office and factory will be at Walkerville, Ontario.

portunity"—the story of the man who could have fought bravely if he had had a better sword, and the king's son who picked up the poor, broken fragment that the grumbler had thrown away, and with it fought so successfully that he turned defeat into victory?

'Do you remember Watt's painting, "Hope"?' She sits blindfold on the top of the world, you remember, the strings of her harp all broken but one; and she makes the best music she knows how on that one string, hoping all the while, I doubt not, for a better harp.

'Come, we will start a movement for a new piano. Meantime we will have the old one tuned, and there will be Sunday-school as usual next Sunday, and the King's Daughters will hold their meetings—Miss Gladys Marshall, pianist!—' Youth's Companion.'

Snakes and Wasps.

Mr. Crudginton has had Many Adventures both on the Congo and in India.

(The Rev. H. E. Crudginton, in 'Wonderlands'.)

Few of us like snakes, but somehow we like to hear about them. Perhaps you know that in India people worship the snake, and it is said that the god Vishnu (the Preserver) sleeps for a long time on a snake's head. Sometimes, too, you may see a snake coiled round a god, or forming a kind of covering over it.

You have heard, no doubt, of the snake charmers of India, and the strange powers



A SNAKE CHARMER.

they seem to have. They come round to our houses with their snakes in earthenware jars or in baskets, and the man plays a queer kind of tune on a whistle whose note is something like the sound of the bagpipes. 'Tamasha, Sahib,' they cry out. 'See the "Tamasha, Sahib." Show, sir, see the show, sir. "Bara tamasha, Sahib," a big show, sir.' And then they bring out their snakes on the ground, and play with them: and sometimes you would think the snakes were dancing to a tune.

Thousands of people die every year in India from snake bite, and medical men are doing all they can to find a remedy for the poison. One remedy is the dried poison of the snake itself. Once I was working with a doctor who was trying to procure snake poison for medical purposes, and it was then that I had my unpleasant adventure with the wasps.

In order to obtain the snakes we had to get the help of a snake charmer, a Moham-medan whose name was Kullau. He knew

where the snakes were to be found, and would bring us a fresh supply every week. He would bring them to us in an earthenware jar about as large as a rather big saucepan, with a piece of calico on the top to keep the creatures in. With a stick about the size of a walking stick, and having a small iron crook at the end, he would hook out the snake in a very clever way and drop it upon the floor.

There were always three or four different kinds, all very poisonous. One of these was the deadly cobra, which spreads out its neck or hood just below its head, and which has a curious way of standing up on its tail. Then there was another kind, rather like an adder, while yet another, about eighteen or twenty inches long, had a wonderful way of twisting itself round flat on the ground, like a clock spring. It seemed to twirl round and round as if it were wound up, and then it would make a sudden spring at someone. You may guess how careful we had to be to keep out of its way.

Kullau had a very clever way of getting the poison without hurting the snake. He would play with the cobra till it stood up on its tail, and then he would stroke it up and down its back until it was safe to catch hold of it just behind the head. We would then put a thick watch glass to its mouth, and the snake, by biting at it, would throw the poison on to the glass.

One day, however, Kullau was careless, and the snake seized his thumb. He was always prepared for such an accident as that, and in an instant wound a piece of string round it to prevent the poison from passing into his veins. Then the civil surgeon, who had seen the accident, cried out to me.

'Quick,' he said, pointing to the next room. 'Get me my case of lancets.'

Now there were two doors to that room, and of course I rushed at the nearest. But, alas! we had both forgotten that a swarm of wasps had taken up their abode around the edge of that door, and in a moment I was in the midst of them. They stung me in at least a dozen places, piercing my thin clothing on arms, legs and shoulders; but remembering Kullau's danger, I managed to get through the door, seized the case of instruments, and gave it to the doctor. Poor Kullau was quickly attended to, and though he was rather ill for some hours his life was saved.

What happened to me? Oh, they got some strong ammonia, and touched up the stings with it. Although I felt them for a week they were soon all right, and I only hope that the poison we got from that particular snake was the means of saving someone's life.

I have had a good many people brought to me, poisoned by a snake. One was a little chap about eight years old, who had been lying on the ground near an old wall. There were many holes in the wall, and a snake hidden there bit him on the ear. His father quickly came to me, and I went at once with my surgical case and medicines; but it was already too late.

He was the only child his father and mother had, and their grief was very great. And I grieved too for them, and tried to tell them of the better land; but it is so hard for them to understand about the great hope that you and I have of meeting our loved ones again in Heaven. But that is why we go to them, so that they may know.

I have had snakes under my bed, and snakes drop from the roof over my head. But God has taken care of my life, and so He will of yours if you ask Him.

O. H. M. S.

Then how great a life of real love-service is! On His Majesty's service—on the service of the Heavenly King! Professor Drummond, giving some reminiscences of his days at Stirling High School to the scholars there, told how, in honor of the marriage of the Prince of Wales—now our King—the boys illuminated the High School. They bought a great deal of colored paper, red, blue, pink, and yellow, and they cut out the Prince of Wales's feathers, and all kinds of appropriate mottoes, and then pasted them on the windows. Candles were then procured, and when people passed they saw the Prince of Wales's feathers shining in every window. They cut out crowns, diamonds, and stars in this paper, but as he was a very small boy then, he was

only allowed to stand in a corner and look on. One of those who were busy pasting up the papers soon came over to him, and asked him to run down to the town and buy two-penny-worth of pink paper, but he thought it was much more glorious to watch the performance going on there, so he said, 'No.' 'Why won't you go?' resumed the big fellow. 'Because I want to stay,' he replied. 'But continued his interrogator, 'Do you know that it is "O.H.M.S.?"' 'You don't really say so,' replied Drummond, and he was off like a shot. He tells us that, as he ran down King Street, he thought he was ten feet high. He told the boys that he would never forget that sensation to the end of his days. And often after that, when he had been asked to do a disagreeable thing, he just heard an echo from the old High School, saying 'O.H.M.S.' Of course, he did not mean it was on the service of Her Majesty the Queen, who was then living, but it was on the highest of all services, and it had often been the means of making him do things he would not otherwise have done.

Will you remember the boy who felt that he had suddenly grown ten feet high, because he was on the King's service? Will you in all you have to do remember that you are to do all to please God, the King of Kings? It will really make you bigger, and your service nobler, and the King will really appreciate your work for Him, and at the end will reward all His faithful servants.—'Congregationalist.'

Call it by its Right Name.

'I admire a man,' said Uncle Eben, 'dat keeps hopin' foh de best. But I doan' like to see him sit down an' call it a day's work.'

Can I Work My Way Through College?

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'C. E. World'.)

I feel that I should be doing my boys an injury if I should send them to college with all the funds they need to pay their expenses, a well-to-do business man said recently. 'What right have I to deprive them of the opportunity of gaining some little experience of what it means to knock against the world before it is necessary actually to begin to fight life's battles? I am thankful that I had the privilege—I thought it was a hardship at the time—of having a few hard times and coming out on top by my own exertions; and I believe my boys will thank me for the decision I am making for them.'

The number of those who are now working their way through college, as this business man proposed that his boys should do, is very large. In nearly every school there are students who are earning all their expenses, and many more who are earning half or more. If a census could be taken of the professional men now in active life who were a few years ago in the ranks of these self-supporting students, the result would be a surprise to nearly everybody.

There is encouragement in these facts for the young men who are longing for an education—for young women, too, though it is only fair to say that the path of the self-supporting young woman in college is not so easy as that of the young man; the opportunities for employment are not so many. Still, there are scores and hundreds of young women who are this year earning their way through college.

It should be remembered that the self-supporting student is welcomed at most institutions. This has been officially said at Yale: 'These students from frugal homes and of scanty means are a most desirable element in the university community. Unspoiled by luxury and earnest in purpose, they give character and tone to the whole place. In spite of the great handicaps to which they are subject, in having to spend so much time and strength on extraneous work, they get what they come for. They carry off far more than their share of scholastic honors. In the class of 1903 fifteen out of the nineteen highest appointments at graduation fell to men who had received tuition scholarships; in the class of 1907, fifteen out of twenty-three; in the class of 1908, fifteen out of thirty-one. In debating, too, they are conspicuous, upon the boards of the

college journals, in the management of the athletic associations, in every activity of the university community.'

Sometimes the fear is expressed that the self-supporting student will lose caste among his fellows. To this there can be no better answer than this, from the last report of the Bureau of Appointments, which has for its work the assistance of needy students in Yale University: 'Every year such students in considerable numbers are elected to membership in the various class and other societies. If a man achieves distinction in any direction, he is rewarded here by the esteem and the fellowship of his mates. A student who has to earn his living, and in spite of that handicap attains high rank of any sort, is especially regarded and applauded. It is true that the man who has to work has less time to give to the various athletic, social, and literary activities through which distinction is won, and in so far is necessarily at a disadvantage; but otherwise he is not.'

But how do the men earn money? Careful investigations made at Yale during the last year showed that about six hundred students earned more than two hundred thousand dollars during the entire year. One-sixth of this sum was made by teaching in night-schools, the high schools, and some other places. More than twenty-five thousand dollars was earned by tutoring. 'This,' says the report of the investigators, 'is the most desirable way in which a student can earn money, as it diverts his mind and time less from his proper work, and is the most remunerative, the rate varying from one dollar to three dollars an hour, according to the experience and efficiency of the tutor. To obtain work as a tutor it is necessary, first of all, to perform well in the recitation-room, and so recommend one's self to the instructor and one's classmates.'

One hundred and thirty students earned an average of one hundred and fifty dollars each by acting as waiters at eating-club of their fellows, while sixty-one men earned nearly as much by the pleasanter work of forming clubs of their classmates and friends, and taking them to board at some one place. Their only duty was to see that the number—from twelve to fifteen—was kept full.

Nearly two hundred students earned money by working as clerks for business men at the holiday season or at other rush times; thirty-

one found paying positions on the college paper, while eighteen others earned nearly two hundred dollars each by reporting college news for local papers or the city dailies.

Thirty-two men earned room-rent by caring for lawns and furnaces; twenty-nine earned nearly one hundred dollars each by stenography and typewriting, while fifteen made a large part of their expense money by working as conductors or motormen for the street-railway company.

The catalogue of occupations is too large to give in full. But the variety of employments open to earnest students will be seen from this partial list of activities followed in vacation or during term-time: summer-resort hotels, factory, farming, banks, boys' clubs, guide about college buildings, moving furniture, selling violets, publishing programmes, getting out blotters as advertisements, wheeling invalids' chairs, and addressing envelopes.

It must not be thought that a student who wants work has only to be ready to take it in order to receive it. Those most successful in supporting themselves hunt out the work, frequently devising new forms of activity. It is in the training of ingenuity that a large part of the benefit of working one's way through college lies. From one student bureau comes this sensible word: 'The man who sees where work is, solicits it promptly, and performs it well, is the one who ought to and will succeed. No one else in such a competition can find places and hold them for any one, except to a limited extent. Often the way opens readily at once; for others, obstacles and disappointments arise, especially in the first few months of college life; but, with patience and energy and courage, success will come if proper prudence is exercised.'

It is seldom advisable for a student to enter college without at least a small reserve fund. It is usually more difficult to secure work the first term than later, when the ways of the college and the town have been learned. Yet there have been exceptional cases of young men who have entered without a dollar, and have graduated with money in their pockets.

Now, to answer the question, if you want to go to college, and haven't the necessary funds, don't feel that you must give up in despair. If you are determined not to falter because of a few discouragements, it is probable you will succeed. Isn't it worth trying?

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

MARCH NUMBER

News of the World in Pictures

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Their Majesties in Germany.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Poor Little Me.

(Irma M. Peixotto in 'Good House-keeping.')

Here I sit upon the step,
No one here to play with me;
Boys can't bother with a girl,
So none of 'em would stay with me.
Poor little me!

Johnny, he won't run with me—
Says my legs ain't long enough.
Freddie, he won't fight with me—
Tells me I ain't strong enough.
Poor little me!

Tom won't even speak to me,
'Cause I don't wear trousers.
What's the use o' coming out?
Might as well stay in the house.
Poor little me!

The Brook's Work.

(Cora T. Harris, in the 'Christian Advocate.')

One day a little brook tumbled out of its spring home on the side of a mountain and fell down, down, to a plain below. At first it was startled, but when it saw the same blue sky smiling down and felt the same warm sunshine on its bosom, it felt quite at home in its new surroundings and paused to listen to the voices all around.

'There is work to do,' whispered the trees, as they rocked their leaf-buds in their cradles.

'There is work to do,' chattered a squirrel, as he whisked up a tree with his food.

'There is work to do,' hummed a bee, as she flew with her load of honey straight for the hive.

There may be work for me to do,' said the little brook, so it started downward on its course.

Sometimes it ran so fast that it seemed to be flying away with the little white clouds overhead; then again it crept slowly under overhanging branches of the large trees, hiding from the sunbeams, and came forth dancing and laughing to play with them again.

The birds came to drink and to bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

Once it found a dam that some boys had made. It was fun to leap over that and set a little waterwheel turning at the same time.

While working and playing the brook grew so large that cattle, horses, deer and other large animals came to drink and to stand in its cool waters. It even carried children along in rowboats where they wished to go.

Farther on the brook leaped over a great mill-dam that men had made. It was so very large now that it could carry heavy logs to the sawmill. There, too, it turned a great water-wheel that sent a saw flying to make the logs into boards and lumber. Bushels of corn

The Foster Mother.



HEN FEEDING THE PUPS.

Mr. Harrison Weir, once made a beautiful drawing of a remarkable hen that he met with at Stanmer. He stated that—

'The hen took up her quarters in the dog's kennel, and, strange to say, the dog showed no signs of displeasure.'

When the dog had pups, the hen took to them as she would have done had they been her own chickens; she picks out the best of the food for them, and otherwise cares for them as if she were their mother.'

—'The Children's Friend.'

and wheat were found waiting to be ground, so that it gave the miller's wheel a turn as well.

The brook was now so very large that it was called a river. Nothing seemed too hard for it to do. Great steamboats were carried along as easily as tiny leaf-boats could be carried when it was smaller.

One day the river found itself slipping into the ocean, where it seemed as if it might be lost altogether. It sighed for its own mountain home, so very far away, when a fairy sunbeam whispered, 'Dear river, look upward, see the blue sky and the sun watching you still; they love you and will never let you be lost.'

She had scarcely ceased speaking

when the sunbeam fairies threw down a multitude of golden chains to lift the river into the sky, higher than its mountain home, and there it may find other work to do.

How Squirrels Steer.

Robert and his father were walking in the park, stopping occasionally to throw a peanut to one of the squirrels feeding near.

'Do you know why it is that a squirrel has a bushy tail, while a rabbit and a guinea pig have none, Robert?' asked his father.

Robert said he really didn't know.

'Do you know why it is that the sailors equip their boats with so many

different sails, and why it is that the Indian feathers his arrows? The sailor shifts his sails to get the help of the wind. The Indian feathers his arrows to hold their flight true. The squirrel uses his tail for the same purposes. Now watch the next squirrel that jumps from one tree to another.

In a few minutes a squirrel launched himself out from the top of a big tree. He seemed bound for the limb of another tree standing about ten feet away. Robert watched him give his feathery tail a sudden twist, and in a flash he landed upon the trunk of the tree instead of the limb. And then Robert said that he understood.

—Selected.

Jennie's Selfishness.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party.

'You can pour out the tea, Jennie,' said Johnnie, graciously.

'And I will help cut the cake,' went on Johnnie.

'We—ll,' repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on, Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

'What is the matter?' asked mamma.

'Jennie's greedy, and selfish, too,' cried Johnnie, between his sobs.

Then he cried again.

'What is the matter?' repeated mamma, going in to find out.

'Why,' explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, 'we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie, she took it all!'

'That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!'

'Yes, it was!' Johnnie wept, 'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself.'—Selected.

Jesus and the Children.

(Floss Grey, in 'Our Little Dots.')

Jesus was very fond of little children. He was always busy making somebody happy, but He was never too busy to love the boys and girls.

Once He went on a long journey to make a poor little girl well again. But the way was long, and Jesus had to stop and cure a sick woman, and when He reached the house the little maid was dead, and her father and mother were full of sorrow and despair.

But Jesus had not come all that long journey for nothing. Oh no! And what do you suppose He did? He took the little girl's hand and spoke to her—so gently and lovingly. He told her to rise, and then a wonderful

thing happened. The little girl that had been lying so still, quite, quite dead, got up, not only alive but well.

He did all this for one little girl, so you can see how much He cared for little children.

He cares just as much for you as He did for that little girl; you need never be afraid to go to Jesus and ask Him for help. Even tiny boys and girls want help sometimes, and Jesus loves you better than anybody in the world. Yes, more than father or mother! Don't you want to love Him very much, too? I feel sure you do.

Freddie's Box.

Freddie had a box in his closet, where he was allowed to put the clothes he had outgrown, and the toys he was tired of.

'It shall be your charity-box,' said his mother. 'When it is full, I will pack up the things, and send them to some poor children, who will be very glad to get them.'

Freddie thought a great deal of his charity-box, and of the poor children he was filling it for; he did not always wait till he had grown tired of a book or a toy, but put some in which he prized very much.

'I don't think it's nice to give them all the bad things and keep the good ones only for myself,' he thought; 'they must like whole and pretty things as well as I do, I'm sure.'

His mother liked her little boy to have kind and generous thoughts, so she let him do pretty much as he pleased.

One day at the Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said the word meant love, and explained how the love of God in the heart produced all the sweet and heavenly affections described in the verses.

The next day Freddie said to his mother: 'I'm not going to call my box a "charity-box" any more; I shall call it a "love-box." It's because I love the poor children I keep it, and I love Jesus, too; and the poor children are his, and that's why I want to help them.'—'Messenger for the Children.'

Shep.

It was a bright moonlight evening, when my brother Joe proposed a fishing trip up the river.

'Twas very pretty as we started out, the moon full and golden, papa and Joe at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern. We had called Shep, our shepherd dog; but he was nowhere to be found, and we had to set out without him, and I felt rather lonely.

After we turned the first bend far above the wharf, we were about to start for home when he heard a faint barking up the river. We stopped and listened. First it was a bark and then a whine.

We girls thought it sounded like Shep, and papa took to the oars again and rowed up the river. When we got nearer Joe called 'Shep! Shep!' Answers came, excited and loud.

So papa pushed on until the dory was well up on the marsh. Shep jumped

for him, took his coatsleeves in his mouth and led him away through the wet and weeds, out of sight.

Joe and the girls sat silent in the dory, wondering what Shep meant.

Before long we heard a bark of delight, and then papa's voice, 'Brave boy! brave Shep!' They came up in a moment, and papa laughed and took from each pocket a tiny white kitten—one with a little black mark on its ears and tail. Shep was fairly wild, and, as I took the two chilled little beasts in under my shawl, he almost devoured me with his thanks.

After we pulled off, papa told us that some one must have carried the kittens to the marsh to perish there, and Shep had gone out and found them, and, moreover, that he had made a little bed for them and covered them with leaves!—'Little Folks.'

The Happiest Boy in the Kingdom.

Once upon a time, we are told, there lived a king who had a little boy, whom he loved very dearly. He gave him a beautiful room to live in and pictures and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on the lake, and servants.

He provided teachers who would give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: 'I can make your son happy, but you must pay me a great price for telling you the secret.'

'Well,' said the king, 'what you ask I will give.'

So the price was paid. Then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away.

The boy did as he was told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed those words: 'Do a kindness to some one every day.'

The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—The 'Child's Gem.'

BOYS!

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A Drop to Keep the Cold Out.

(By Councillor Malins, G.C.T.)

The Common Idea.

There is a common idea that the use of intoxicating drinks, especially in the form of ardent spirits, is a protection against the cold of winter. It is no wonder that this belief is common, because ardent spirits are hot to the taste, and their use certainly causes the skin to glow with additional warmth. Such being the case, it would seem that strong drink actually imparts that warmth that it adds to the heat of the body, and so helps to keep out the cold.

What Can Be Proved?

Yet it can be proved to the hilt that if a man has to face a journey on a winter's night, the worst thing he could do is to drink any intoxicant—even in moderation. This seems very strange, but when the subject is understood, nothing in the world can be more simple or more true than that the man who drinks alcoholic drinks to keep the cold out is really doing that which will let the cold in.

What are Alcoholic Drinks?

Alcoholic drinks are called ardent spirits, wines, malt liquors, cider, and perry. All are made from fermented grain or fruit. In fermenting, the sugar in the grain or fruit is changed into the spirit alcohol, which is the intoxicating element in all these drinks. It is the alcohol which makes the drink taste warm, and gives a feeling of additional heat. But for the alcohol people would not drink these beverages, and it is the alcohol which they think gives the body the heat which is felt all over the skin after it has been drunk.

How the Body Feels Warmer.

It is true the alcohol makes the mouth and stomach warm for a minute or two, because the alcohol of itself is of a hot nature; but does that alcohol in the stomach warm every inch of the outside surface of the body from the top of the head to the tips of the fingers and toes? It feels as if it did. In a short time after drinking the whole surface of the body actually is warmer for a short time. Now, has the alcohol given it that additional warmth? How is it that a small swallow of liquor inside seems to have warmed the body all over the outside? Has the liquor thus warmed the surface of the body? That is the question. The reply to it is—that it has not, but that it has done something quite different, as will now be explained.

How the Alcohol Acts.

The alcohol in intoxicating drink of any kind for a short time affects the nerves and makes the heart beat faster than it otherwise would. It slackens the nerves which regulate the blood vessels, and thus the blood-vessels are dilated or expanded more than usual so that the blood flows through them more freely; and it at the same time excites and increases the number of the heart-beats, and every additional heart-beat pumps the blood

more rapidly through the blood-vessels which have been thus dilated by the slackening of their nerves.

What Effect Does Its Action Have?

Before the alcohol was taken the surface of the body in the winter air would be more or less cold, but the thickness of the outer flesh of the body would have protected the inner organs from the cold; and even the cool blood in the veins near the surface of the body would have time to get warm as it slowly circulated to the inward parts. But when the alcohol is swallowed, the warm blood inside is quickly pumped by the excited heart through the distended blood vessels to the outside; while the cold blood that was near the surface of the skin is driven to chill the inside of the body. Meanwhile the hot blood which was keeping the vital organs warm where needed was rushed to the outside surface of the body, and caused it to glow as if the person were standing in front of a fire.

What is the Result?

The result is that the internal heat, which was needed to be kept inside to keep the vital organs warm, is instead thrown to the outer surface of the body, and there the cold air draws the heat off into the atmosphere, while the blood thus cooled is driven round by the still beating heart till it returns to the interior organs of the body in a chilled condition. Thus the cold contracts the blood vessels closer than they naturally are, thickens the blood so that it flows less easily, and checks the beats of the heart so that it pumps the blood too slowly—till the whole system is depressed and the temperature of the body lowered below what it was before the alcohol was taken.

What Arctic Explorers Found.

Sir John Richardson, M.D., the Arctic explorer, said:—'I am quite satisfied that spirituous liquors diminish the power of resisting cold. Plenty of food and sound digestion are the best sources of heat. We found on our northern journey that tea was far more refreshing than wine or spirits, which we soon ceased to care for, while the craving for tea increased. Liebig, I believe, considers that spirits are necessary to northern nations, to diminish the waste of the solids of the body, but my experience leads me to a contrary conclusion. The Hudson's Bay Company have for many years entirely excluded spirits from their fur-countries in the north, over which they have exclusive control, to the great improvement of the health and morals of their Canadian servants and of the Indian tribes.'

The Arctic explorers Kennedy and Kane also found alcoholic liquors were best done without in Polar regions.

Dr. J. Robertson, who was surgeon in Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition, testified before a Parliamentary Committee that warm tea or coffee was preferable to spirits, and that it had become the regular practice of hunters of the North-West Company to take tea instead of spirits because they found tea more sustaining.

Captain Edward Parry, after twelve years' experience in the Arctic regions, said:—'Are ardent spirits necessary? I say decidedly no. It is said they keep the cold out. I say they do not; they let the cold in.'

Adam Ayles and his fellow Good Templar and teetotal seamen in the McClintock Arctic Expedition (which discovered the remains of Sir John Franklin's Expedition) proved best able to endure the cold, and their example

was largely followed by the other members of the expedition. When their ships were frozen in the ice, Adam Ayles was one of those who dragged the sledge to the farthest northern point, each carrying on his back a picture for the man behind to look at—to prevent snow blindness resulting from only seeing glittering snow.

Under the rule of temperance you will grow up strengthened in wisdom, industry, and happiness; and your success in life will reward you a thousandfold for any sacrifice of false indulgence in that great curse of mankind, strong drink.—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

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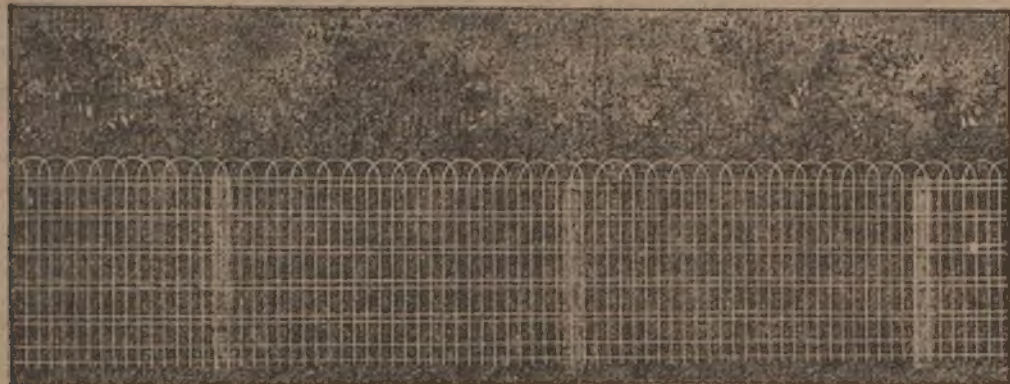
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Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

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..HOUSEHOLD..

Motherless.

(Florence Earle Coates, in the 'Christian Age'.)

He was so small, so very small,
That, since she ceased to care,
'Twas easy just to pass him by,
Forgetting he was there;
But though too slight a thing he seemed
Of interest to be—
One heart had loved him with a love
As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,
That now, since she had died,
He seemed a tiny threadbare coat
With nothing much inside;
But, ah! a treasure he concealed,
And asked of none relief;
His shabby little bosom hid
A mighty, grown-up grief.

Looking Afar.

'What hast thou in the house?' asked the prophet, when the woman came to him for help to meet her hopeless debt. The house held nothing but a pot of oil, yet that, when she began to use it, heaven-blessed and heaven-directed, was enough to meet all the need, and point the way to future comfort.

What is that in thine hand?' asked the Lord of the man who shrank back from leadership because he had nothing to endow him for such an office. That which he held was only a rod cut in the wilderness for the guiding of his sheep, but it became the symbol of power—a token before which kings trembled, a scepter which nature itself obeyed. 'What have ye?' demanded the Master,

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when his disciples besought him to send the famished multitude elsewhere.

Humanity is still very much what it was in the olden days, and the Lord who rules the world is 'the same yesterday and to-day, yea, and forever.' Those in sore need and trouble are still prone to look afar for aid and deliverance, and to pray for some wonderful intervention from the skies; but now, as of old, the help that Providence sends lies usually in a new use of, a fresh blessing upon, that which the house or the hand already holds. Many a soul, praying sadly day after day for light, for strength, for aid, would find its prayer already answered if it began to use what it has.—'Forward.'

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent); and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$8.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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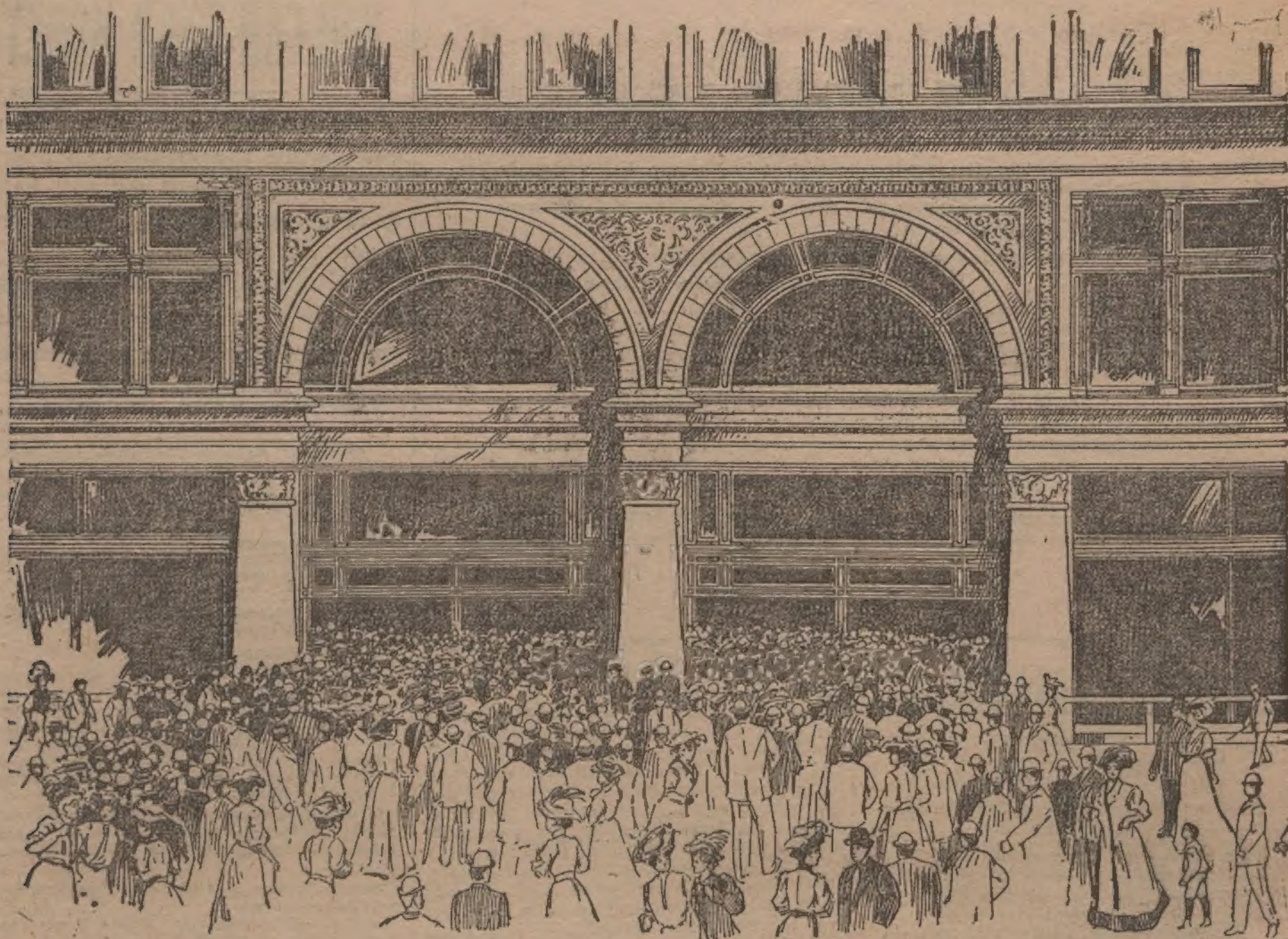
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